

# WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

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## CHAPTER I.

### INSOMNIA

ONE afternoon, at low water, Mr. Isbister, a young artist lodging at Boscastle, walked from that place to the picturesque cove of Pentargen, desiring to examine the caves there. Half way down the precipitous path to the Pentargen beach he came round a mass of rock upon a man in an attitude of profound distress.

This man was seated on a projecting ledge of slate, his hands hung limply over his knees, his eyes were red, and his face was wet with tears.

At Isbister's footfall he glanced round. Both men were disconcerted, Isbister the more so, and, to override the awkwardness of his involuntary pause, he remarked, with an air of mature conviction, that the weather was hot for the time of year.

"Very," answered the stranger shortly, hesitated a second, and added in a colourless tone, "I can't sleep."

Isbister stopped abruptly. "No?" was all he said, but his bearing conveyed his helpful impulse.

"It may sound incredible," said the stranger, turning weary eyes to Isbister's face and emphasizing his words with a languid hand, "but I have had no sleep—no sleep at all for six nights."

"Had advice?"

"Yes. Bad advice for the most part. Drugs. My nervous system . . . They are all very well for the run of people. It's hard to explain. I dare not take . . . sufficiently powerful drugs."

"That makes it difficult," said Isbister.

He stood helplessly in the narrow path, perplexed what to do. Clearly the man wanted to talk. An idea natural enough under the circumstances, prompted him to keep the conversation going. "I've never suffered from sleeplessness myself," he said in a tone of commonplace gossip, "but in those cases I have known people have usually found something—"

"I dare make no experiments."

He spoke wearily. He gave a gesture of rejection, and for a space both men were silent.

"Exercise?" suggested Isbister diffidently, with a glance from his interlocutor's face of wretchedness to the touring costume he wore.

"That is what I have tried. Unwisely perhaps. I have followed the coast, day after day—from New Quay. It has only added muscular fatigue to the mental. The cause of this unrest was overwork—trouble. There was something—"

He stopped as if from sheer fatigue. He rubbed his forehead with a lean hand. He resumed speech like one who talks to himself.

"I was a lone wolf, a solitary man, wandering through a world in which I had no part. I was wifeless, childless—who is it speaks

of the childless as the dead twigs on the tree of life? I was wifeless, childless—I could find no duty to do. No desire even in my heart. One thing at last I set myself to do.

"I said, I will do this, and to do it, to overcome the inertia of this dull body, I resorted to drugs. Great God, I've had enough of drugs! I don't know if you feel the heavy inconvenience of the

and then come drowsiness and sleep. Men seem to live for sleep. How little of a man's day is his own—even at the best! And then come those false friends, those Thug helpers, the alkaloids that stifle natural fatigue and kill rest—black coffee, cocaine—"

"I see," said Isbister.

"I did my work," said the sleepless man, with a querulous intonation.

"And this is the price?"

"Yes."

For a little while the two remained without speaking.

"You cannot imagine the craving for rest that I feel, a hunger and thirst. For six long days, since my work was done, my mind has been a whirlpool, swift, unprogressive, and incessant, a torrent of thoughts leading nowhere, spinning round swift and steady—"

He paused. "Towards the gulf."

"You must sleep," said Isbister decisively, and with the air of a remedy discovered. "Certainly you must sleep."

"My mind is perfectly lucid. It was never clearer. But I know I am drawing towards the vortex. Presently—"

"Yes?"

"You have seen things go down an eddy? Out of the light of the day, out of this sweet world of sanity—down—"

"But," expostulated Isbister.

The man threw out a hand towards him, and his eyes were wild, and his voice suddenly high. "I shall kill myself. If in no other way—at the foot of yonder dark precipice there, where the waves are green, and the white surge lifts and falls, and that little thread of water patters down. There at any rate is . . . sleep."

"That's unreasonable," said Isbister, startled at the man's hysterical gust of emotion. "Drugs are better than that."

"There at any rate is sleep," repeated the stranger, not heeding him.

Isbister looked at him and wondered transitorily if some complex Providence had indeed brought them together that afternoon. "It's not a cert, you know," he remarked. "There's a cliff like that at Lulworth Cove—as high, anyhow—and a little girl fell from top to bottom. And lives to-day—sound and well."

"But those rocks there—"

"One might lie on them rather dismally through a cold night, broken bones grating as one shivered, chill water splashing over you. Eh?"

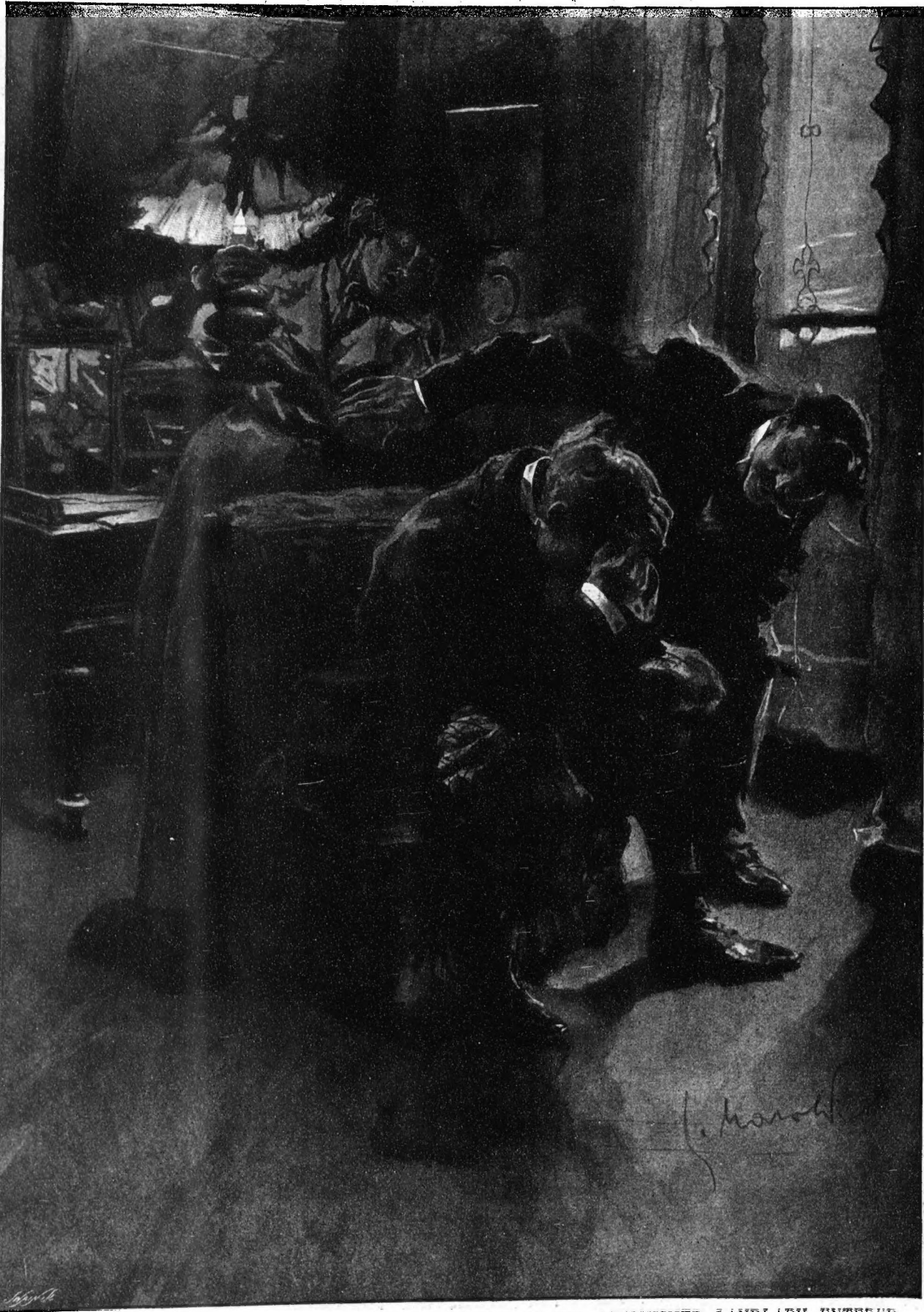
Their eyes met. "Sorry to upset your ideals," said Isbister with a sense of devil-may-careish brilliance. "But a suicide over that cliff (or any cliff for the matter of that) really, as an artist—"

He laughed. "It's so damned amateurish."

"But the other thing—the other thing. No man can keep sane if night after night—"

"Have you been walking along this coast alone?"

"Yes."



HE RETURNED TO THE MOTIONLESS SEATED FIGURE AS HIS ASTONISHED LANDLADY ENTERED WITH THE LIGHT

DRAWN BY L. MAROLD

body, its exasperating demand of time from the mind—time—life! Live! We only live in patches. We have to eat, and then come the dull digestive complacencies—or irritations. We have to take the air or else our thoughts grow sluggish, stupid, run into gulfs and blind alleys. A thousand distractions arise from within and without,







"It seems to me it's a case for some public body, some practically undying guardian. If he really is going on living—as the doctors, some of them, think. As a matter of fact, I have gone to one or two public men about it. But, so far, nothing has been done."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to hand him over to some public body—the British Museum Trustees, or the Royal College of Physicians. Sounds a bit odd, of course, but the whole situation is odd."

"The difficulty is to induce them to take him."

"Red tape, I suppose?"

"Partly."

Pause. "It's a curious business, certainly," said Isbister. "And compound interest has a way of mounting up."

"It has," said Warming. "And now the gold supplies are running short there is a tendency towards . . . appreciation."

"I've felt that," said Isbister with a grimace. "But it makes it better for him."

"If he wakes."

"If he wakes," echoed Isbister. "Do you notice the pinched look of his nose, and the way in which his eyelids sink?"

"I doubt if he will wake."

"I never properly understood," said Isbister, "what it was brought this on. He told me something about overstudy. I've often been curious."

"He was a man of considerable gifts, but spasmodic, emotional. He had grave domestic troubles, divorced his wife in fact, and it was as a relief from that, I think, that he took up politics of the rabid sort. He was a fanatical Radical—a Socialist. Overwork upon a controversy did this for him. I remember the pamphlet he wrote—a curious production. Wild, whirling stuff. There were one or two prophecies. Some of them are already exploded, some of them are established facts. But for the most part to read such a thesis is to realise how full the world is of unanticipated things. He will have much to learn, much to re-learn when he wakes. If ever a waking comes."

"I'd give anything to be there," said Isbister, "just to hear what he would say to it all."

"So would I," said Warming. "Aye! so would I," with an old man's sudden turn to self pity. "But I shall never see him wake."

He stood looking thoughtfully at the waxen figure. "He will never wake," he said at last. He sighed. "He will never wake again."

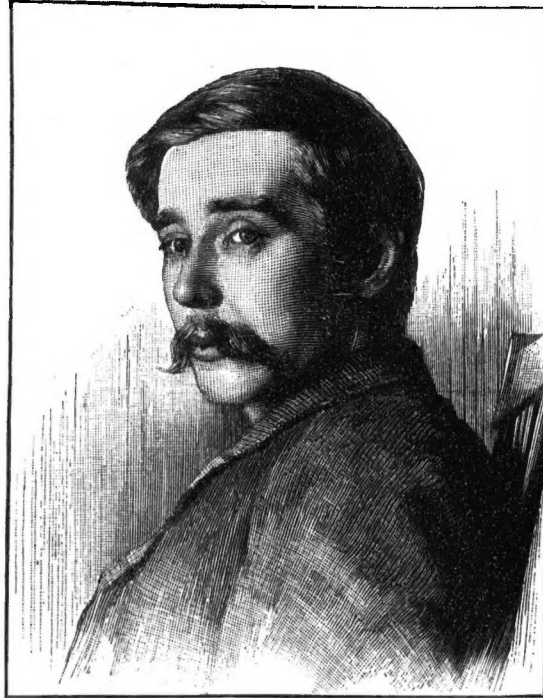
(To be continued)

## Children's Banquet

FOR the fifth year in succession a large number of the poorest boys and girls in London were provided with a Christmas dinner on Tuesday evening at the Guildhall, the requisite funds having been collected by Mr. Alderman Treloar. This year the number entertained was about 1,300, the selection, as in former years, having been left to Mr. John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, who chose the guests from all parts of London. The dinner consisted of roast beef, potatoes, bread, milk, and Christmas pudding, with oranges and apples for dessert. Altogether there was provided over 1,000 lb. of meat, 6 cwt. of potatoes, 300 quarters of bread, 735 lb. of pudding, 500 gallons of milk, and an apple and an orange for every child. Shortly before the conclusion of the dinner the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs attended in State, and walked round the tables. An entertainment, consisting of music and songs, brought the evening to a close.

## Mr. H. G. Wells

OF the younger schools of writers few indeed have sprung into a success as sudden and as well deserved as Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of our new serial. It is but a few years since one knew no more of his writing or personality than that an anonymous contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* was enlivening that paper with a series of delightful little sketches which stood out on its pages no less for their insistent humour than for their shrewd observation. In time one learned that the supposititious nephew—whose "Conversations with an Uncle" so



MR. H. G. WELLS

Author of "When the Sleeper Wakes," our new Serial Story

attracted all who can appreciate the advent of a new master of fiction—was Mr. H. G. Wells, sometime schoolmaster, science lecturer and coach—a newcomer who had graduated under Mr. W. E. Henley on the old *Scots Observer* in its palmy, brilliant days, and had drifted into journalism and literature on account of ill-health. But once started Mr. Wells did not stay in the by-roads of literature. Under his old mentor, Mr. Henley, then editing the *New Review*, he scored his first notable success, "The Time Machine," which ran through that periodical, establishing his reputation at once as a very original thinker capable of presenting his imaginings in most enthralling form. In the four years since that date Mr. Wells has not been idle, and although a slow writer and most unsparing critic of his own work, the shelf which contains his books has received many notable additions. "The Wonderful Visit" showed him in a fresh light, and suggested that, given health and opportunity, there might be no limit to the possibilities of the new writer, for Mr. Wells is a young man, and to the young all things are possible. If

"The Island of Dr. Moreau" scarcely encouraged this view, it was, at least, such a vivid and powerful study of the gruesome as no other of his generation could have conceived or accomplished. "The Wheels of Chance," a bicycling story in lighter vein; "The Invisible Man," another quaintly humorous production, but full of shrewd character sketches and amazingly clever pseudo-science, and "The War of the Worlds," the story of the invasion of the world by the strange inhabitants of Mars; these, with several volumes of short stories and essays, comprise the bulk of Mr. Wells's contributions to literature. His experiences as reviewer, dramatic critic (for a short period), and science student have doubtless done something towards developing his views, but, putting all else aside, Mr. Wells stands out as a most original and daring writer, with a brain so active in its imaginings that at times one fancies he must see the whole future of the world written on the scroll of his fancy, right ahead to the day when the earth's fires shall have grown cold, and it shall revolve like some barren moon unenlivened on its dreary way by the vagaries of the teeming life upon its surface. Mr. Wells has been compared to Jules Verne, and certainly there are points of resemblance; but whereas the great Frenchman is content to deal with advance science merely, and rarely makes his characters humanly interesting, the author of "When the Sleeper Wakes" has the same faculty for evolving scientific dreams, always based, it should be said, on sound or, at least, plausible reasoning, and at the same time makes his people intensely human and interesting as beings distracted by hopes and fears and sorrows and torn by very human passions—in no sense chessmen working out a mechanical problem. The pathos and the humour of "The Wonderful Visit," which one may perhaps consider up to this latest story as his most promising achievement, were of a very high order. It is easy to be funny, but to produce that laughter which is akin to tears, to touch lightly and at the same time with profound suggestiveness the strings of love and hope and kindly humour is only within the province of the few, and that is why one looks to Mr. Wells with such high augury for the future. Of the story which commences this week it is not necessary to say much. It is a prophetic glimpse into the future, dealing with the possible remarkable developments of human relations and conditions of life, and those who read the first chapter will feel at once the author's remarkable grip of his subject and be keen to follow out its dramatic possibilities. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall and Newman, Brighton.

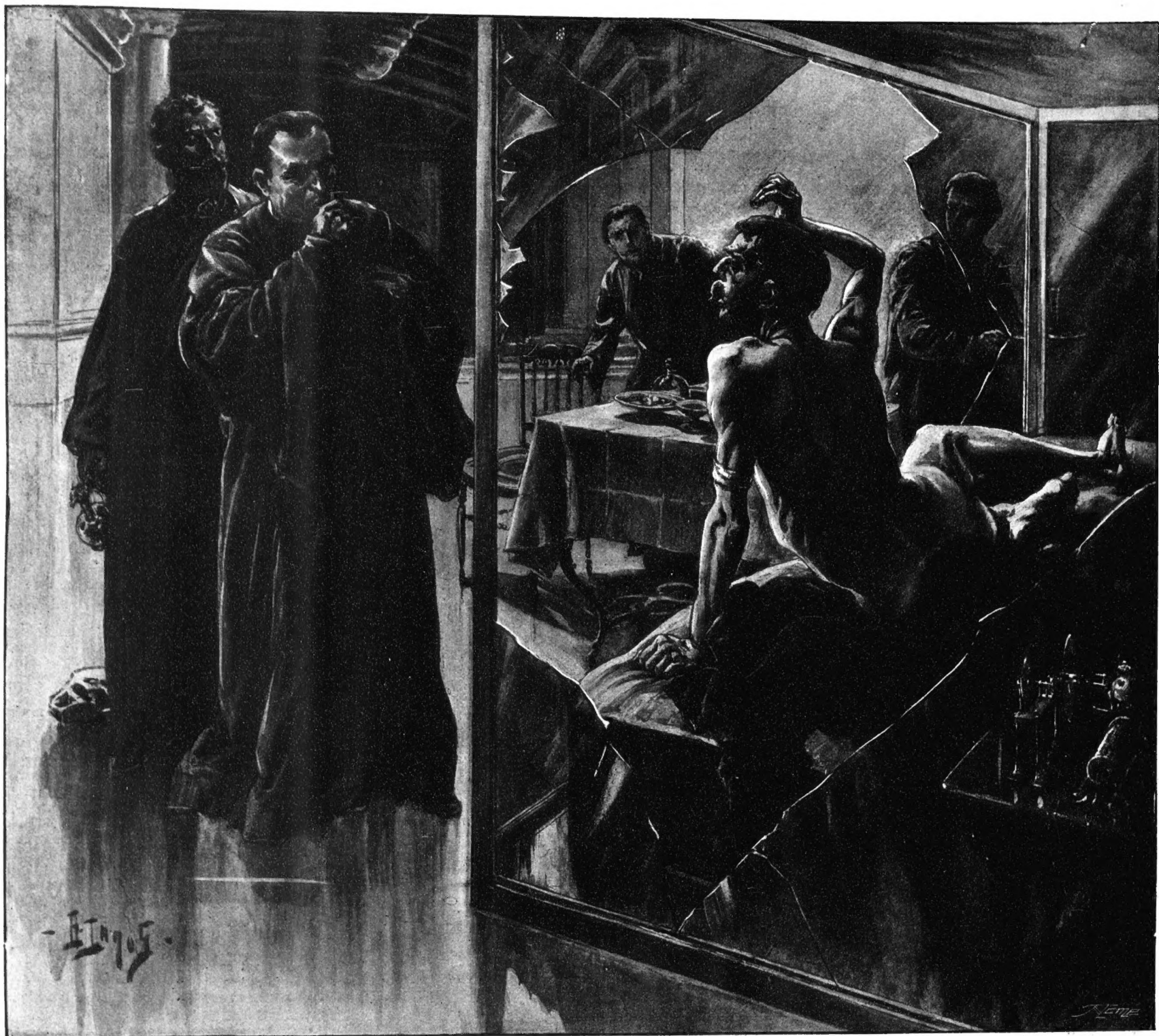
THE late Countess of Rosebery owned a book of autographs of altogether exceptional interest, says *The Golden Penny*. At her special request each writer had added to his or her signature a typical sentiment, proverb, or verse. Lady Rosebery showed the book to Matthew Arnold when he visited Aston Clinton, and the great poet gave an amusing description of it in a letter written directly afterwards to his daughter. "The Queen," he says, "has written Tennyson's stanza, 'Tis better to have loved and lost,' in her very best and boldest hand. Then the Prince of Wales has written a long rigmarole out of a French author about L'Amour; the Princess 'Plus penser que dire' and 'Plutôt mourir que changer'; each of the two Princesses a sentiment, and the two Princes—that of Prince George being 'Little things on little wings bear little souls to heaven.' Other notable autographs in this book were those of Gladstone, who wrote a verse from Wordsworth; Lord Salisbury, who added to his signature a German proverb; Lord Granville, whose contribution is described by Arnold as 'some very poor verses'; and Sir John Millais, who wrote a capital impromptu.



THE CHILDREN'S DINNER AT THE GUILDHALL: THE LORD MAYOR WALKING ROUND THE TABLES

DRAWN BY A. KEMP TEBBY





"Looking over his shoulder Graham saw approaching a very short, fat, and thickset beardless man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping eyebrows that almost met over his nose, and overhung deep grey eyes, gave his face an oily, formidable expression. He scowled momentarily at Graham."

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ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE AWAKENING

WHAT a wonderfully complex thing that simple seeming unity—the self! Who can trace its reintegration as morning after morning we awaken, the flux and confluence of its countless factors interweaving, rebuilding, the dim first stirrings of the soul, the growth and synthesis of the unconscious to the sub-conscious, the sub-conscious to dawning consciousness, until at last we recognise ourselves again. And as it happens to most of us after the night sleep, so it was with Graham at the end of his vast slumber. A dim cloud of sensation taking shape, a cloudy dreariness, and he found himself vaguely somewhere, recumbent, faint, but alive.

That pilgrimage towards a personal being again, seemed to traverse vast gulfs, to occupy epochs. Gigantic dreams that were terrible realities at the time, left vague perplexing memories, strange creatures, strange scenery, as if from another planet. There was a distant impression, too, of a momentous conversation, of a name—he could not tell what name—that was subsequently to recur, of some queer, long-forgotten sensation of vein and muscle, of a feeling of vast hopeless effort, the effort of a man near drowning in darkness. Then came a panorama of dazzling unstable confluent scenes.

The texture that wove at last through the half-light of dreaming to wakefulness, shaped a definite picture of dark masses of cliff, a black shadow of caves at the foot of them, into which the green

sea water foamed and vanished, and a cleft in the rocky front and a thin plume of cascade quivering in the wind. There was a sense of intolerable misery linked with this, he was looking down on it, and for some reason he had to fling himself forward, was in fact flinging himself forward, floating down swifter and swifter. A man appeared against the background saying things that were troublesome to hear and in some way arresting that downward swoop. There was a grey distress in this obstruction. The stranger spread out and grew impalpable, and the vision had passed.

Graham became aware that this was either a memory or a phase in a dream, not present at any rate in spite of its vividness, and that his eyes were open and regarding some unfamiliar thing.

It was something white, the edge of something, a frame of wood. He moved his head slightly, following the contour of this shape. It went up beyond the top of his eyes. He tried to think where he might be. Did it matter, seeing he was so wretched? The colour of his thoughts was a dark depression. He felt the featureless misery of one who wakes, towards the hour of dawn.

He had an uncertain sense of whispers and footsteps hastily receding.

The movements of his head involved a perception of extreme physical weakness. He supposed he was in bed in the hotel at the place in the valley—but he could not recall that white edge. He must have slept. He remembered now that he had wanted to sleep. He recalled the cliff and waterfall again, and then recollected something about talking to a passer-by.

How long had he slept? What was that sound of pattering

feet? And that rise and fall, like the murmur of breakers on pebbles? He put out a languid hand to reach his watch from the chair whereon it was his habit to place it, and touched some smooth, hard surface like glass. This was so unexpected that it started him extremely. Quite suddenly he rolled over, stared for a moment, and struggled into a sitting position. The effort was unexpectedly difficult, and it left him giddy and weak—and amazed.

He rubbed his eyes. The riddle of his surroundings was confusing but his mind was quite clear—evidently his sleep had benefited him. He was not in a bed at all as he understood the word, but lying naked on a very soft and yielding mattress, apparently an air mattress, in a trough of dark glass. The mattress was partly transparent, a fact he observed with a strange sense of insecurity, and below it was a mirror reflecting him greyly. About his arm—and he saw with a shock that his skin was strangely dry and yellow—was bound a curious apparatus of rubber, bound so cunningly that it seemed to pass into his skin above and below. And this strange bed was placed in a case of greenish coloured glass (as it seemed to him), a bar in the white framework of which had first arrested his attention. In the corner of the case was a stand of glittering and delicately made apparatus, for the most part quite strange appliances, though a maximum and minimum thermometer was recognisable.

The slightly greenish tint of the glass-like substance which surrounded him on every hand obscured what lay behind, but he perceived it was a vast apartment of splendid appearance, and with a very



## THE GRAPHIC

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large and simple white archway facing him. Close to the walls of the cage were articles of furniture, a table covered with a silvery cloth, silver like the side of a fish, a couple of black and graceful chairs, and on the table a number of dishes with substances piled on them, a bottle and two glasses. He realised that he was intensely hungry.

He could see no human being, and after a period of hesitation scrambled off the translucent mattress and tried to stand on the clean white floor of his little apartment. He had miscalculated his strength, however, and staggered and put his hand against the glass-like pane before him to steady himself. For a moment it resisted his hand, bending outward like a distended bladder; then it broke with a slight report. He reeled out into the general space of the hall, greatly astonished. He caught at the table to save himself, knocking one of the glasses to the floor—it rang but did not break—and sat down in one of the armchairs.

When he had a little recovered he filled the remaining glass from the bottle and drank—a colourless liquid it was, but not water, with a pleasing faint aroma and taste and a quality of immediate support and stimulus. He put down the vessel and looked about him.

The apartment lost none of its size and magnificence now that the greenish transparency that had intervened was removed. The archway he saw led to a flight of steps, going downward without the intermediation of a door, to a spacious transverse passage. This passage ran between polished pillars of some white-veined substance of deep ultramarine, and along it came the sound of human movements and voices and a deep undeviating droning note. He sat, now fully awake, listening alertly, forgetting the viands in his attention.

Then with a shock he remembered that he was naked, and casting about him for covering, saw a long black robe thrown on one of the chairs beside him. This he wrapped about him and sat down again, trembling.

His mind was still a surging perplexity. Clearly he had slept, and had been removed in his sleep. But where? And who were those people, the distant crowd beyond the deep blue pillars? Boscastle? He poured out and partially drank another glass of the colourless fluid.

What was this place?—this place that to his senses seemed subtly quivering like a thing alive? He looked about him at the clean and beautiful form of the apartment, unstained by ornament, and saw that the roof was broken in one place by a circular shaft full of light, and, as he looked, a steady, sweeping shadow blotted it out and passed, and came again and passed. "Beat, beat," that sweeping shadow had a note of its own in the subdued tumult that filled the air.

He would have called out, but only a little sound came into his throat. Then he stood up, and, with the uncertain steps of a drunkard, made his way towards the archway. He staggered down the steps, tripping on the corner of the black cloak he had wrapped about himself, and saved himself by catching at one of the blue pillars.

The passage ran down a cool vista of blue and purple, and ended remotely in a railed place like a balcony, brightly lit and projecting into a space of haze, a space like the interior of some gigantic building. Beyond and remote were vast and vague architectural forms. The tumult of voices rose now loud and clear, and on the balcony, and with their backs to him, gesticulating, and apparently in animated conversation, were three figures, richly dressed in loose and easy garments of bright soft colourings. The noise of a great multitude of people poured up over the balcony, and once it seemed the top of a banner passed, and once some brightly coloured object, a pale blue cap or garment thrown up into the air perhaps, flashed athwart the space and fell. The shouts sounded like English, there was a réiteration of "Wake!" He heard some indistinct shrill cry, and abruptly these three men began laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed one—a red-haired man in a short purple robe. "When the Sleeper wakes—When!"

He turned his eyes full of merriment along the passage. His face changed, the whole man changed, became rigid. The other two turned swiftly at his exclamation, and stood motionless. Their faces assumed an expression of consternation, an expression that deepened to awe.

Suddenly Graham's knees bent beneath him, his arm against the pillar collapsed limply, he staggered forward and fell upon his face.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SOUND OF A TUMULT

GRAHAM's last impression before he fainted was of a clamorous ringing of bells. He learnt afterwards that he was insensible, hanging between life and death, for the better part of an hour. When he recovered his senses, he was back on his translucent couch, and there was a stirring warmth at heart and throat. The dark apparatus, he perceived, had been removed from his arm, which was bandaged. The white framework was still about him. A man in a deep violet robe, one of those who had been on the balcony, was looking into his face.

Remote but insistent was a clamour of bells and confused sounds, that suggested to his mind the picture of a great number of people shouting together. Something seemed to fall across this tumult like a door suddenly closed.

Graham moved his head. "What does all this mean?" he said slowly. "Where am I?"

He saw the red-haired man who had been first to discover him. A voice seemed to be asking what he had said, and was abruptly stilled.

The man in violet answered in a soft voice, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent, or so at least it seemed to the Sleeper's ears, "You are quite safe. You were brought hither from where you fell asleep. It is quite safe. You have been here some time—sleeping. In a trance."

He said something further that Graham could not hear, and a little phial was handed across to him. Graham felt a cooling spray, a fragrant mist played over his forehead for a moment, and his sense of refreshment increased. He closed his eyes in satisfaction.

"Better?" asked the man in violet, as Graham's eyes re-opened. He was a pleasant-faced man of thirty, perhaps, with a pointed flaxen beard, and a clasp of gold at the neck of his violet robe.

"Yes," said Graham.

"You have been asleep some time. In a cataleptic trance. You have heard? Catalepsy? It may seem strange to you at first, but I can assure you everything is well."

Graham did not answer, but these words served their reassuring purpose. His eyes went from face to face of the three people about him. They were regarding him strangely. He knew he ought to be somewhere in Cornwall, but he could not square these things with that impression.

A matter that had been in his mind during his last waking moments at Boscastle recurred, a thing resolved upon and somehow neglected. He cleared his throat.

"Have you wired my cousin?" he asked. "E. Warming 27, Chancery Lane?"

They were all assiduous to hear. But he had to repeat it. "What an odd blurr in his accent!" whispered the red-haired man. "Wire, sir?" said the young man with the flaxen beard, evidently puzzled.

"He means send an electric telegram," volunteered the third, a pleasant-faced youth of nineteen or twenty. The flaxen-bearded man gave a cry of comprehension. "How stupid of me! You may be sure everything shall be done, sir," he said to Graham. "I am afraid it would be difficult to—wire to your cousin. He is not in London now. But don't trouble about arrangements yet; you have been asleep a very long time and the important thing is to get over that, sir." (Graham concluded the word was sir, but this man pronounced it "Sire.")

"Oh!" said Graham, and became quiet.

It was all very puzzling, but apparently these people in unfamiliar dress knew what they were about. Yet they were odd and the room was odd. It seemed he was in some newly established place. He had a sudden flash of suspicion. Surely this wasn't some hall of public exhibition! If it was he would give Warming a piece of his mind. But it scarcely had that character. And in a place of public exhibition he would not have discovered himself naked.

Then suddenly, quite abruptly, he realised what had happened. There was no perceptible interval of suspicion, no dawn to his knowledge. Abruptly he knew his trance had lasted for a vast interval; as if by some process of thought-reading he interpreted the awe in the faces that peered into his. He looked at them strangely, full of intense emotion. It seemed they read his eyes. He framed his lips to speak and could not. A queer impulse to hide his knowledge came into his mind almost at the moment of his discovery. He looked at his bare feet, regarding them silently. His impulse to speak passed. He was trembling exceedingly.

They gave him some pink fluid with a greenish fluorescence and a meaty taste, and the assurance of returning strength grew.

"That—that makes me feel better," he said hoarsely, and there were murmurs of respectful approval. He knew now quite clearly. He made to speak again, and again he could not.

He pressed his throat and tried a third time. "How long?" he asked in a level voice. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Some considerable time," said the flaxen-bearded man, glancing quickly at the others.

"How long?"

"A very long time."

"Yes—yes," said Graham suddenly testy. "But I want—Is it—is—some years? Many years? There was something—I forget what. I feel—confused. But you—" He sobbed. "You need not fence with me. How long—?"

He stopped, breathing irregularly. He squeezed his eyes with his knuckles, and sat waiting for an answer.

They spoke in undertones.

"Five or six?" he asked faintly. "More?"

"Very much more than that."

"More!"

"More."

He looked at them, and it seemed as though imps were twitching the muscles of his face. He looked his question.

"Many years," said the man with the red beard.

Graham struggled into a sitting position. He wiped a rheumy tear from his face with a lean hand. "Many years!" he repeated. He shut his eyes tight, opened them, and sat looking about him from one unfamiliar thing to another.

"How many years?" he asked.

"You must be prepared to be surprised."

"Well?"

"More than a gross of years."

He was irritated at the strange word. "More than a what?"

Two of them spoke together. Some quick remarks that were made about "decimal" he did not catch.

"How long did you say?" asked Graham. "How long? Don't look like that. Tell me."

Among the remarks in an undertone, his ear caught six words: "More than a couple of centuries."

"What?" he cried, turning on the youth who he thought had spoken. "Who says—? What was that? A couple of centuries!"

"Yes," said the man with the red beard. "Two hundred years."

Graham repeated the words. He had been prepared to hear of a vast repose, and yet these concrete centuries defeated him.

"Two hundred years," he said again, with the figure of a great gulf opening very slowly in his mind; and then, "Oh, but—!"

They said nothing.

"You—did you say—?"

"Two hundred years. Two centuries of years," said the man with the red beard.

There was a pause. Graham looked at their faces and saw that what he had heard was indeed true.

"But it can't be," he said querulously. "I am dreaming. Trances. Trances don't last. That is not right—this is a joke you have played upon me! Tell me—some days ago, perhaps, I was walking along the coast of Cornwall—?"

His voice failed him.

The man with the flaxen beard hesitated. "I'm not very strong in history, sir," he said weakly, and glanced at the others.

"That was it, sir," said the youngster. "Boscastle, in the old Duchy of Cornwall—it's in the south-west country beyond the dairy meadows. There is a house there still. I've been there."

"Boscastle!" Graham turned his eyes to the youngster. "That

was it—Boscastle. Little Boscastle. I fell asleep—some time there. I don't exactly remember. I don't exactly remember."

He pressed his brows and whispered, "More than two hundred years!"

He began to speak quickly with a twitching face, but his tongue was cold within him. "But if it is two hundred years, every man I know, every human being that ever I saw or spoke to before I went to sleep, must be dead."

They did not answer him.

"The Queen and the Royal Family, her Ministers, Church of State. High and low, rich and poor, one with another—"

"Is there England still?"

"That's a comfort! Is there London?"

"This is London, eh? And you are my assistant-custodian."

Assistant-custodian. And these—? Eh? Assistant-custodian too!"

He sat with a gaunt stare on his face. "But why am I here? No! Don't talk. Be quiet. Let me—"

He sat silent, rubbed his eyes, and, uncovering them, took another little glass of pinkish fluid held towards him. He took a dose. It was almost immediately sustaining. Directly he had taken it he began to weep naturally and refreshingly.

Presently he looked at their faces, suddenly laughed through his tears, a little foolishly. "But—two—hun—dred—years!"

He grimaced hysterically and covered his face again.

After a space he grew calm. He sat up, his hands hanging from his knees in almost precisely the same attitude in which he had found him on the cliff at Pentargen. His attention was attracted by a thick domineering voice, the footsteps of an advancing personage. "What are you doing? Why was I warned? Surely you could tell? Someone will suffer for the The man must be kept quiet. Are the doorways closed? All the doorways? He must be kept perfectly quiet. He must be told. Has he been told anything?"

The man with the fair beard made some inaudible remark, and Graham looking over his shoulder saw approaching a very short, fat, and thickset beardless man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping eyebrows that almost met over his nose, and overhung deep grey eyes, gave his face an oddly formidable expression. He scowled momentarily at Graham, and then his regard returned to the man with the flaxen beard. "These others," he said in a voice of extreme irritation. "You had better go."

"Go?" said the red-bearded man.

"Certainly—go now. But see the doorways are closed as you go."

The two men addressed turned obediently, after one reluctant glance at Graham, and instead of going through the archway as he expected, walked straight to the dead wall of the apartment opposite the archway. And then came a strange thing; a long strip of this apparently solid wall rolled up with a snap, hung over the two retreating men and fell again, and immediately Graham was alone with the newcomer and the purple-robed man with the flaxen beard.

For a space the thick set man took not the slightest notice of Graham, but proceeded to interrogate the other—obviously his subordinate—upon the treatment of their charge. He spoke clearly, but in phrases only partially intelligible to Graham. The awakening seemed not only a matter of surprise but of consternation and annoyance to him. He was evidently profoundly excited.

"You must not confuse his mind by telling him things," he repeated again and again. "You must not confuse his mind."

His questions answered, he turned quickly and eyed the awakened sleeper with an ambiguous expression.

"Feel queer?" he asked.

"Very."

"The world, what you see of it, seems strange to you?"

"I suppose I have to live in it, strange as it seems."

"I suppose so, now."

"In the first place, hadn't I better have some clothes?"

"They—!" said the thickset man and stopped, and the bearded man met his eye and went away. "You will very speedily have clothes," said the thickset man.

"Is it true, indeed, that I have been asleep two hundred years?" asked Graham.

"They have told you that, have they? Two hundred and more, as a matter of fact."

Graham accepted the indisputable now with raised eyebrows and depressed mouth. He sat silent for a moment, and then asked a question, "Is there a mill or dynamo near here?" He did not wait for an answer. "Things have changed tremendously," I suppose?" he said.

"What is that shouting?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing," said the thickset man impatiently. "It's just the You'll understand better later—perhaps. As you say, things have changed." He spoke shortly, his brows were knit, and he glanced about him like a man trying to decide in an emergency. "We must get you clothes and so forth, at any rate. Please wait here until some can come. No one will come near you. You want shaving."

Graham rubbed his chin.

The man with the flaxen beard came back towards them, and suddenly, listened for a moment, lifted his eyebrows at the other man, and hurried off through the archway towards the balcony. The tumult of shouting grew louder, and the thickset man turned and listened also. He cursed suddenly under his breath, and turned his eyes upon Graham with an unfriendly expression. It was a surge of many voices, rising and falling, shouting and screaming, and once came a sound like blows and sharp cries, and then a snapping, like the crackling of dry sticks. Graham strained his ears to draw some single thread of sound from the woven tumult.

Then he perceived, repeated again and again, a certain form. For a time he doubted his ears. But surely these were the words!

"Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!"

The thickset man rushed suddenly to the archway. "Wild!" he cried. "How do they know? Do they know? Is it guessing?"

There was perhaps an answer.

"I can't come," said the thickset man; "I have him to see! But shout from the balcony."

There was an inaudible reply.



"Say he is not awake. Anything! I leave it to you."

He came hurrying back to Graham. "You must have clothes at once," he said. "You cannot stop here—and it will be impossible to—"

He rushed away, Graham shouting unanswered questions after him. In a moment he was back.

"I can't tell you what is happening. It is too complex to explain. In a moment you shall have your clothes made. Yes—in a moment. And then I can take you away from here. You will find out our troubles soon enough."

"But those voices. They were shouting—?"

"Something about the Sleeper—that's you. They have some twisted idea. I don't know what it is. I know nothing. Demology is out of my province."

"Demology?"

"Demology. Ah!"

A shrill bell jettied acutely across the indistinct mingling of remote noises, and this brusque person sprang to a little group of appliances in the corner of the room. He listened for a moment, regarding a ball of crystal, nodded, and said a few indistinct words; then he walked to the wall through which the two men had vanished. It rolled up again like a curtain, and he stood waiting.

(To be continued)

## The New Savoy Opera

*The Lucky Star*, which is from the pens of nearly a dozen librettists and composers, and was successfully produced at the Savoy on Saturday, is hardly an opera strictly so called, and it is certainly wholly different from the ordinary Savoy repertory. In point of fact it is a sort of compromise between the modified species of opera bouffe which was popular both in Paris and under Farnie in London some five-and-twenty years ago, and the more modern musical comedies with which Mr. George Edwardes at Daly's and the Gaiety has delighted a younger generation. At the Savoy, indeed, so many varieties of music-plays have been tried since the earlier days of Gilbert and Sullivan, that it was inevitable an experiment in an older school should sooner or later be attempted. *The Lucky Star* may, of course, by some be deemed a cut below the Savoy average, although beyond all question, if the piece had been produced at any other theatre, it would have been considered a remarkably good one. As a matter of fact it boasts a stronger, more consistent, and better plot than is usual in such cases; while the dialogue is quite up to a first-night average, although, of course, in accordance with precedent in such cases, it will beyond much doubt eventually be improved by the "gags" of the funny men. The music, from the Savoy point of view, is a weak feature. Perhaps audiences accustomed to the refinement and sweet melodiousness of Sir Arthur Sullivan, expect too much from his contemporaries. Mr. Ivan Caryll, however, has already done better work than in the present opera. The chief defect of the music is its sameness, ballads generally with valse or other dance refrain, and comic songs of the bouffe pattern, being interspersed with rather feebly constructed concerted pieces. A good deal of the monotony might have been avoided if a little more variety had been imparted to the orchestration. Indeed, there were many who regretted that the music by M. Chabrier, originally written to this story in 1877, was not utilised. One of the French composer's numbers, namely, a portion of the finale to the first act, came as quite a refreshing interlude amid much that was either crude or conventional. The music, however, in this description of entertainment, can always be improved, and either reduced or added to.

The libretto, at any rate, has plenty of possibilities. It is based upon the opera bouffe entitled *L'Etoile*, by Messrs. Leterrier and Vanloo, produced at the Bouffes, Paris, towards the latter part of 1877—that is to say, practically at the time of the production of *The Sorcerer*, the first of a series which revolutionised comic opera in England. The French piece was afterwards adapted into English for the American market by Messrs. Cheever Goodwin and Woolston Morse, and with Mr. Francis Wilson as King Ouf it had a long career in the United States. Mr. Brookfield has now re-written the book, mostly from the American libretto, while new lyrics have been added by Messrs. Ross and Hopwood, and the whole "has been revised and put together by H. L.," those being the initials of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. The story is almost Gilbertian. A King of an Oriental country is accustomed on his fête day to offer his subjects a human sacrifice. This year the supply has run short. His subjects love him so dearly that he cannot exact from them a single treasonable sentiment. They will not even "revile the memory of the King's grandmother or curse the Income Tax." Fortunately there arrives the inevitable "principal boy" in the person of a young travelling painter, Lazuli. On the road he has met the Princess, the King's fiancée. Desponding in his love for her, he becomes reckless, and, to the King's delight, punches the royal head and boxes the royal ear. He is condemned to death, but in the first finale he is saved by the discovery made by the Court Astrologer, that painter and monarch are born under the same star, and that each must perish within twenty-four hours of the other. Most of the music in this act is of a light character, including an American ballad for the Princess, a rather conventional Romanza, "My Lucky Star," which replaces M. Chabrier's version of the same legend, a kissing trio, an American song for the King, and more musicianly items such as the quartet "Incognito" and a finale, which is largely borrowed from the opera of M. Chabrier.

In the next act, in which the Oriental uniforms of the men (six of them genuine negroes) and the bright dresses of the women lend colour to the scene, Lazuli is installed in the palace, his every wish gratified. While he remains in health the King's life is saved. But he elopes with the princess, whom he believes to be the wife of an Ambassador, and is forthwith condemned by the irate diplomat to be shot. The King's dismay on hearing of the probable fate of his double closes the act. A good deal of the fun here consists of word-twisting, such as the King's warning to the youth to avoid either "perspiration of the heart" or "a rush of brains to the head." There is also a most amusingly burlesqued singletick duel between the King and the Ambassador. On the other hand, the wit of the American song of "The Ostrich" is not exactly obvious, while the "Barcarolle" sung by the Princess is also rather conventional. At the close of the act there is an extremely pretty effect, when the stage is illuminated by Chinese lanterns, and the ladies of the Court indulge in a scarf dance. In the last act the King and his chief Astrologer are waiting their fate, the monarch, in order to keep up his spirits, furtively indulging in a dance with a couple of "coons"—otherwise two bright little nigger boys. It is in vain that, believing they are to die twenty-four hours after Lazuli, King and courtier put back the clock, an idea, if we recollect rightly, borrowed from *Barbe Bleue*. Eventually five o'clock strikes, and they cover themselves with funeral cloths awaiting their fate, the band meanwhile softly playing, "There is a Happy Land." As Lazuli is not dead, the Monarch of course survives, and on the threat of the youth to commit suicide, is compelled to relinquish the hand of the Princess, his fiancée. Mr. Lytton is excellent as the Ambassador, Miss Ruth Vincent sings prettily as the Princess, and Miss Emmie Owen acts and dances vivaciously as the young painter. But the burden of the fun practically falls upon Mr. Passmore as the King, who from the time that he enters tumbling down a trick ladder to the fall of the curtain, keeps the audience in a roar of laughter. His humour, perhaps, is rather pantomimic and lacks variety, but it serves its purpose, and it was, at any rate on Saturday, hugely appreciated. *The Lucky Star* is admirably mounted, and, indeed, a prettier stage spectacle has rarely been seen even at the Savoy.

## COVENT GARDEN OPERA

The deadlock at the opera has now been removed. Mr. Faber has agreed to sell his entire interest in Covent Garden, and he is about to be succeeded by a syndicate of the subscribers, who, it is said, include one at least of the Rothschild family, Mr. Beit, Mr. Cassell, Mr. Paris Singer, Lord Derby, Earl de Grey, Lord Crewe, Lord Farquhar, Mr. Harmsworth, Sir Edward Lawson and other men of wealth, almost any one of whom could, without asking for time, put down the entire capital. A fresh syndicate has been formed of debenture, ordinary, and deferred shareholders, Mr. Faber, it is understood, accepting 110,000l. for the lease, scenery, dresses, and copyrights, and also leaving the syndicate a handsome sum as capital. The opulent gentlemen, however, forming this company are actuated by art rather than by financial reasons, and accordingly an actual profit is not sought so much as a permanent continuance of opera upon the old social and musical lines. Covent Garden is, before next season, to be re-decorated, furnished throughout with electric light, and provided with newer and improved stage machinery. The general management will still be in the hands of Mr. Maurice Grau, although for this happy end to that which threatened at one time to be a serious difficulty, we have mainly to thank that enthusiastic opera-goer, Lady de Grey.

## An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THERE are many points of interest in connection with the Rembrandt Exhibition which it is not easy to touch upon in the course of the regular review. One or two of these points may be referred to here. In the large and extremely ugly "Be'shazzar's Feast" (the genuineness of which, it may be added, some judges have challenged) there is a Hebrew inscription on the wall which has puzzled many a student of Rembrandt. For the well-formed letters form no Hebrew words known to Hebrew scholars. It was while the present writer was gazing at the picture that the truth flashed upon him—namely, that Rembrandt has arranged the letters of the inscription not as Hebrew is written from right to left, but in columns, like Chinese; read this way, the well-known words are at once intelligible—the last one, for symmetry's sake, being cut into two. It is also to be observed, in answer to those who question the genuineness of the picture, that the terrified monarch is evidently no other than he who sat for the "Portrait of a Rabbi" (83) (which is in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, and of which the replica (No. 57), belonging to Lord Powerscourt, is apparently a copy) and for Pharaoh in Ferdinand Bol's picture of "Joseph and Jacob" in the Dresden Gallery.

It is also asked whether Lord Brownlow's "Landscape" (No. 31) is not really by an English hand; whether Lord Leconfield's "Girl with the Rosebud" can be attributed to the master; whether it is correct to state, as the catalogue does, that the "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife" really represents Rembrandt and Saskia; for a careful examination does not reveal the essential construction of the painter's head, nor does the age of the lady seem to correspond. It is also interesting to point out that the "Girl at a Window," lent by Dulwich College, is the same pleasing model as the "Girl with the Broom" at the Hermitage, and apparently she who figures in the "Young Servant" at Stockholm. The latter picture is dated 1654, and is apparently too late to fit in with the girl's age, but it may well be that Rembrandt may have painted his picture from his former sketch. It only remains to remark that the absurdly misnamed "Countess of Desmond," lent by Her Majesty the Queen, is the same figure as that in Lord Pembroke's "An Old Woman Reading," and that both of them, painted about 1635 in Rembrandt's "green manner" are portraits of his mother; while, if I remember rightly, the group in the "Holy Family" (91) is almost identical with that in the "Carpenter's Shop" in the Louvre painted in 1640.

Speaking of copies, I may draw attention to certain pictures round which a good deal of discussion has been spun. I have heard Sir A. W. Neeld's "Portrait of a Burgomaster," and Rembrandt's portrait of himself belonging to Lady de Rothschild, challenged by distinguished painters. But certainly in the latter case, probably in both, I think there can be no doubt of authenticity. The Duke of Newcastle's "Portrait of an Orator" has given rise to more serious doubt. This extremely smooth picture is ascribed by some to Ferdinand Bol; there is certainly a replica of it in existence which is known as a Bol; and, moreover, it has been stated that in an engraving published many years ago the authorship was so described. I have not, however, been able yet to verify this statement.

Competitions in art criticism have been invented by Municipal authorities in Italy desirous of making a boom in their art exhibitions. They thus become a refined and subtle form of advertisement. Prizes to the amount of 180l. are to be awarded for the best article, or series of articles (mark the ingenuity!) on the exhibition and the works exhibited, such articles being in English, French, German, Spanish, or Italian. The prizes are to be awarded by a jury composed of two art critics and one artist appointed by the Executive of the exhibition, and the jury is to print and publish a report upon the subject. All this is to be done by the Municipality of Venice; but it would be interesting to know who are the writers who submit to a competition of this kind. Moreover, the unjust treatment of English artists in these Italian exhibitions is not yet forgotten in England.

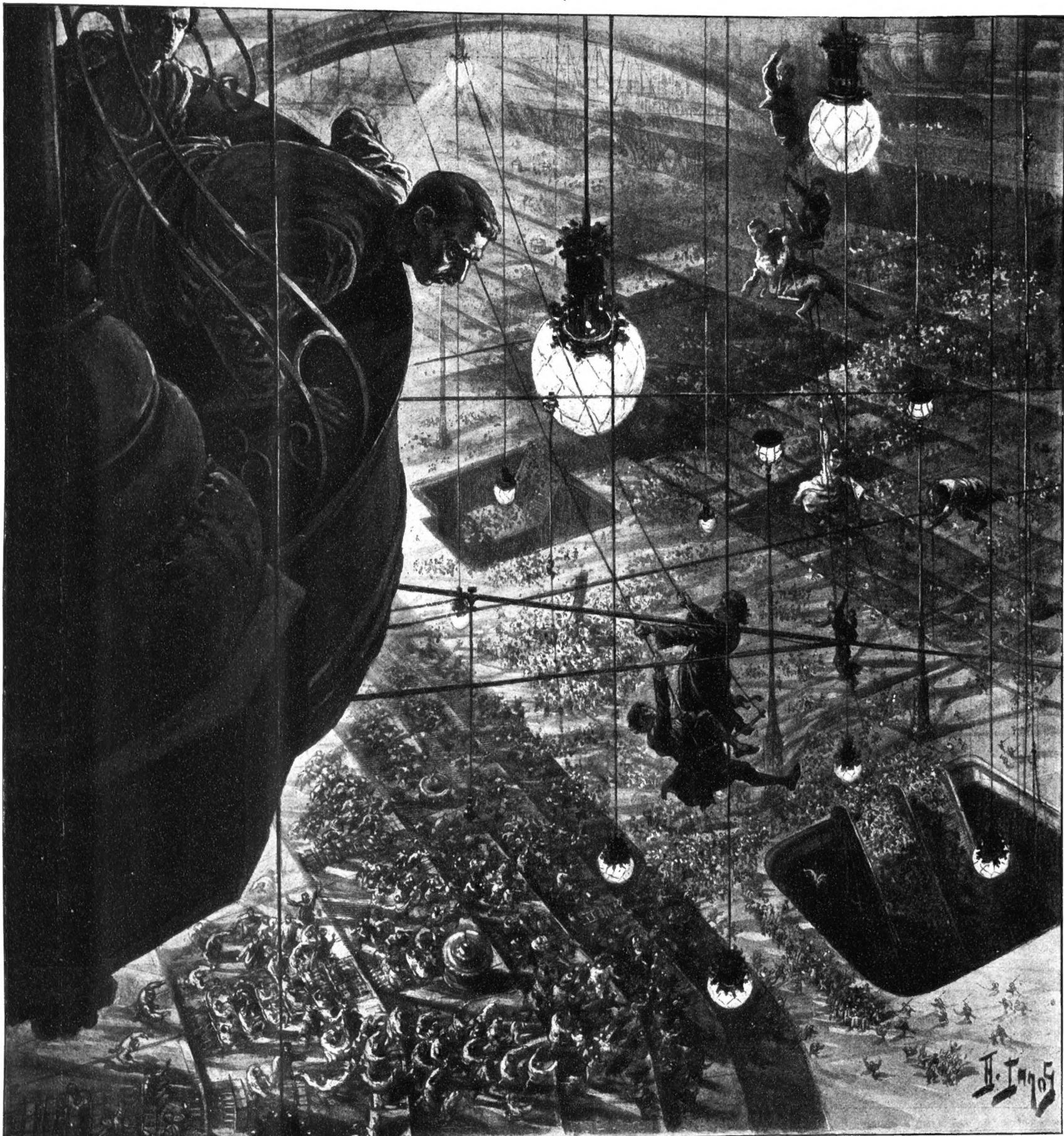
The subject of "suppressed plates" is a fascinating one for the collector, and oftentimes of considerable interest from the point of view of the artist. By "suppressed plates" is understood illustrations which have appeared in a book, but which have been either withdrawn during the publication of the edition or omitted from later issues. Such is the interesting Thackeray's "Marquess of Steyne" (representing the third Marquess of Hertford), to which Mr. George Somes Layard has recently devoted an article. There are, of course, many such connected with the works of Dickens, especially in the minor books; those to Hogarth's "Man of Taste" and "Enthusiasm Delineated;" Mr. Sandy's "Danaë in the Painted Chamber," practically suppressed before publication; Meissonier's "La Bonne Femme" for "Paul et Virginie;" and others by Alken, Charles Keene, and, even in later days, Mr. Hugh Thomson. In the last-mentioned case the illustration was withdrawn on a grotesquely absurd suggestion of indelicacy. All these subjects, and more, will doubtless be dealt with by Mr. Layard, whose knowledge of the entertaining byways of art and literature is extensive and delightful.



The Mausoleum built for Prince Bismarck and his family is situated on a hill in a woody corner of the Sachsenwald. It consists of a round tower and a nave. The tower contains the bodies of the Prince and Princess, while the rest of the building is reserved for the general family vault. On the hill opposite to that on which the Mausoleum stands is the well-known group of stags, which was presented to the Chancellor on his eightieth birthday. Our illustration is from a photograph by Hans Breuer, Hamburg.

THE BISMARCK MAUSOLEUM AT FRIEDRICHSRUH





*"He went to the railings of the balcony and leant forward. The place into which he looked was an aisle of Titanic buildings, curving away in a spacious sweep in either direction. 'Gigantic' globes of cool white light shamed the pale sunbeams that filtered down through the girders and wires"*

## WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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### CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

GRAHAM lifted his arm, and was astonished to find what strength the restoratives had given him. He thrust one leg over the side of the couch and then the other. His head no longer swam. He could scarcely credit his rapid recovery. He sat feeling his limbs.

The man with the flaxen beard re-entered from the archway, and as he did so the cage of a lift came sliding down in front of the thickset man, and a lean, grey-bearded man, carrying a roll, and wearing a tightly fitting costume of dark green, appeared therein.

"This is the tailor," said the thickset man with an introductory gesture. "It will never do for you to wear that black. I cannot understand how it got here. But I shall. I shall. You will be as rapid as possible?" he said to the tailor.

The man in green bowed, and, advancing, seated himself by Graham on the bed. His manner was calm, but his eyes were full of curiosity. "You will find the fashions altered, Sire," he said. He glanced from under his brows at the thickset man.

He opened the roller with a quick movement, and a confusion of

brilliant fabrics poured out over his knees. "You lived, Sire, in a period essentially cylindrical—the Victorian. With a tendency to the hemisphere in hats. Circular curves always. Now—" He flicked out a little appliance the size and appearance of a keyless watch, whirled the knob, and behold—a little figure in white appeared kinetoscope fashion on the dial, walking and turning. The tailor caught up a pattern of bluish white satin. "That is my conception of your immediate treatment," he said.

The thickset man came and stood by the shoulder of Graham.

"We have very little time," he said.

"Trust me," said the tailor. "My machine follows. What do you think of this?"

"What is that?" asked the man from the nineteenth century.

"In your days they showed you a fashion plate," said the tailor, "but this is our modern development. See here." The little figure repeated its evolution, but in a different costume. "Or this," and with a click another small figure in a more voluminous type of robe marched on to the dial. The tailor was very quick in his movements, and glanced twice towards the lift as he did these things.

It rumbled again, and a crop-haired, staring, anæmic lad, clad in coarse pale blue canvas, appeared, together with a complicated machine, which he pushed noiselessly on little castors into the room. Incontinently the little kinetoscope was dropped, Graham was invited to stand in front of the machine, and the tailor muttered some instructions to the crop-haired lad, who answered in guttural tones, with words Graham did not recognise. The boy then went to conduct an incomprehensible monologue in the corner, and the tailor pulled out a number of slotted arms terminating in little discs, pulling them out until the discs were flat against the body of Graham, one at each shoulder blade, one at the elbows, one at the neck and so forth, so that at last there were, perhaps, two score of them upon his body and limbs. At the same time, some other person entered the room by the lift, behind Graham. The tailor set moving a mechanism that initiated a faint-sounding rhythmic movement of parts in the machine, and in another moment he was knocking up the levers, and Graham was released. The tailor replaced his cloak of black, and the man with the flaxen beard proffered him a little glass of some refreshing fluid. Graham saw



## CHAPTER V.

There came a passage in twilight, and into this passage a footway hung so that he could see the feet and ankles of people going to and fro thereon, but no more of them. Then vague impressions of galleries and of casual astonished passers-by turning round to



The stimulus of those clear fluids he had taken was only temporary. He was speedily fatigued by this excessive haste. He asked Howard to slacken his speed. Presently he was in a lift that had a window upon the great street space, but this was glazed and did not open, and they were too high for him to see the moving platforms below. But he saw people going to and fro along cables and strange, frail-looking bridges.

And thence they passed across the street and at a vast height above it. They crossed by means of a narrow bridge closed in with glass, so clear that it made him giddy even to remember it. The floor of it also was of glass. From his memory of the cliffs between New Quay and Boscastle, so remote in time, and so recent in his experience, it seemed to him that they must be near four hundred feet above the moving ways. He stopped, looked down between his legs upon the swarming blue and red multitudes, minute and foreshortened, struggling and gesticulating still towards the little balcony far below, a little toy balcony it seemed, where he had so recently been standing. A thin haze and the glare of the mighty globes of light obscured everything. A man seated in a little openwork cradle shot by from some point still higher than the little narrow bridge, rushing down a cable as swiftly almost as if he were falling. Graham stopped involuntarily to watch this strange passenger vanish in a great circular opening below, and then his eyes went back to the tumultuous struggle.

Along one of the swifter ways rushed a thick crowd of red spots. This broke up into individuals as it approached the balcony, and went pouring down the slower ways towards the dense struggling crowd on the central area. These men in red appeared to be armed with sticks or truncheons; they seemed to be striking and thrusting. A great shouting, cries of wrath, screaming, burst out and came up to Graham faint and thin. "Go on," cried Howard, laying hands on him.

Another man rushed down a cable. Graham suddenly glanced up to see whence he came, and beheld through the glassy roof and the network of cables and girders, dim rhythmically passing forms like the vans of windmills, and between them glimpses of a remote and pallid sky. Then Howard had thrust him forward across the bridge, and he was in a little narrow passage decorated with geometrical patterns.

"I want to see more of that," cried Graham, resisting.

"No, no," cried Howard, still gripping his arm. "This way. You must go this way." And the men in red following them seemed ready to enforce his orders.

Some men in a curious wasp-like uniform of black and yellow appeared down the passage, and one hastened to throw up a sliding shutter that had seemed a door to Graham, and led the way through it. Graham found himself in a gallery overhanging the end of a great chamber. The attendant in black and yellow crossed this, thrust up a second shutter, and stood waiting.

This place had the appearance of an anteroom. He saw a number of people in the central space, and at the opposite end a large and imposing doorway at the top of a flight of steps, heavily curtained but giving a glimpse of some still larger hall beyond. He perceived men in red and other men in black and yellow standing stiffly about those portals.

As they crossed the gallery he distinctly heard a whisper from below, "The Sleeper," and was aware of a sudden turning of heads, a hum of observation. They entered another little passage in the wall of this ante-chamber, and then he found himself on an iron-railed gallery of metal that passed round the side of the great hall he had already seen through the curtains. He entered the place at the corner, so that he received the fullest impression of its huge proportions. The man in the wasp uniform stood aside like a well-trained servant, and closed the valve behind him.

Compared with any of the places Graham had so far seen, this second hall appeared to be decorated with extreme richness. On a pedestal at the remoter end, and more brilliantly lit than any other object was a huge white figure of Atlas, strong and strenuous, the globe upon his bowed shoulders. It was the first thing to strike his attention, it was so vast, so white and simple. Save for this figure and for a dais in the centre, the wide floor of the place was a shining vacancy. The dais was remote in the greatness of the area; it would have looked a mere slab of metal had it not been for the group of seven men who stood about a table upon it, and gave an inkling of its proportions. They were all dressed in white robes, they seemed to have arisen that moment from their seats, and they stood steadfastly regarding Graham. At the end of the table he perceived the glitter of some mechanical appliances, and across it all the shadow of the Atlas fell.

Howard led him along the end gallery until they were opposite this mighty labouring figure. Then he stopped. The two men in red who had followed them into the gallery came and stood on either hand of Graham.

"You must remain here," murmured Howard, "for a few moments," and, without waiting for a reply, hurried away along the gallery.

"But, why—?" began Graham.

He moved as if to follow Howard, and found his path obstructed by one of the men in red. "You have to wait here, Sir," said the man in red.

"Why?"

"Orders, Sir."

"Whose orders?"

"Our orders, Sir."

Graham looked his exasperation.

"What place is this?" he said presently. "Who are those men?"

"They are the Lords of the Council, Sir."

"What council?"

"The Council."

"Oh!" said Graham, and after an equally ineffectual attempt at the other man, went to the railing and stared at the distant men in white, who stood watching him and whispering together.

The Council? He perceived there were now eight, though how the newcomer had arrived he had not observed. They made no gestures of greeting; they stood regarding him as in the nineteenth century a group of men might have stood in the street regarding a distant balloon that had suddenly floated into view. What council could it be that gathered there, that little body of men beneath the

significant white Atlas, secluded from every eavesdropper in this impressive spaciousness? And why should he be brought to them and looked at strangely and spoken of inaudibly? Howard appeared beneath, walking quickly across the polished floor towards them. As he drew near he bowed and performed certain peculiar movements, apparently of a ceremonial nature. Then he ascended the steps of the dais, and stood by the apparatus at the end of the table.

Graham watched that visible inaudible conversation. Occasionally, one of the white-robed men would glance towards him. He strained his ears in vain. The gesticulation of two of the speakers became animated. He glanced from them to the passive faces of his attendants. When he looked again Howard was extending his hands and moving his head like a man who protests. He was interrupted, it seemed, by one of the white-robed men rapping the table.

(To be continued)

## M. Verestchagin's Exhibition

M. VERESTCHAGIN, who now makes his fourth bow to the British public, is a man who must be judged apart. He is not one of your slow-going artists who paint their pictures for the sake of the art and await patiently the advent of fame, though it dally to the end of their lives. He is a draughtsman of great ability, of furious energy, and, for a painter, of unbounded enterprise. He was still a youth when, finding that Fame did not fly forth to meet him halfway, he sought her out, collared her, and dragged her to his studio willy-nilly—and the general public have followed on her track. He is not only a painter—he is also, by profession, war-artist and



M. VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

correspondent, sailor, soldier, traveller, author, missionary, and showman. Endowed with extraordinary facility for drawing, and with a keen sense for the dramatic scenes and incidents of life, and a strong appreciation of the theatrical, he has had the courage to rely on the force of his individuality, as well as in his own particular talent. The result is what might have been expected. Vast collections of vast pictures, and small ones, the biggest of them the most sensational, worst, and most

popular; and the smallest, less regarded but often finer, even when tested by a respectable standard.

It must not be supposed that a man so full of fire, cleverness, and ability would be content to paint pictures just for the fun of the thing. He has for many years painted "with a purpose" which has been made widely known for years past: the exposition of the horrors of war. That, of course, is thoroughly *à propos* just now, but it would be unjust to suppose—as might have been suspected in one gifted with the smartest instincts of the journalist—that this is something new to fit the talk of the moment, or to curry favour with his Emperor. M. Verestchagin is a thoroughly independent man. The story goes that he did not hesitate to ruffle the late Tsar by letting him see, through his pictures, what war really is like, even in the Russian army.

The artist is, perhaps, the most skilful of his class in Russia. He studied in Paris, and edited an art paper there that did not succeed. In 1863, and again in 1865, he visited the Caucasus and learned that country well. When war broke out in Turkestan in 1867, he accepted General Kaufmann's invitation to join the campaign, and distinguished himself by active military services. Two years later he showed in Paris a collection of pictures and drawings based on his experiences; and, in spite of technical faults of handling and colour, scored a great success. Again he went to Central Asia as far as the Chinese frontier, following the military operations and making sketches of what he saw. In 1870 he was painting in Munich; in 1873 exhibiting at the Crystal Palace his war-horror pictures; in 1874, after showing in St. Petersburg, he was journeying in the Himalayas; and in 1876, painting at Auteuil a series of pictures (several of which are to be challenged as to fact) as to the British conquest of India. When Russia declared war against Turkey, M. Verestchagin flew to serve with his countrymen; he was wounded, saw Osman surrender, crossed the Shipka, was present at Plevna, and acted as secretary during the peace preliminaries. Some of the pictures painted of this campaign he exhibited at South Kensington in 1874. Then Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Hamburg, Pesth, Moscow, London, and finally the American cities, were visited by the artist and his pictures, and the papers of the day have made the art, the adventures, and the personality of M. Verestchagin perhaps better known to the peoples he has favoured than almost any other foreign painter of the present day. His powerful individuality and imagination, his forceful character and ability in telling a story have won for him a popularity which he has known how to appreciate, and for which many a better painter might work in vain. At the Grafton Gallery he appears once more with a collection of pictures much inferior to those which we saw at the Grosvenor; there is little appearance of verisimilitude in this cycle of pictures supposed to represent Napoleon's Russian Campaign. Indeed, they defy criticism in respect of technique—while the memory of what Baron Gros and Meissonnier did makes the spectator regret the misplaced energy.

M. H. S.

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

"Is that a duke?" was once asked by a commercial traveller as a peer of high degree stepped from the railway carriage. "Why he just looks like one of us!" Simplicity both of life and demeanour is nowadays the characteristic of people of rank, only the *nouveaux riches* think it necessary to advertise themselves by ostentation. At weddings and funerals this trait can be most distinctly observed. The late Duke of Northumberland's funeral is a case in point. Strict orders were left by the deceased as to the plainness of the oak coffin, similar to the one used at the interment of his predecessors, as to the absence of floral tributes, and the limited number of the carriages following the hearse. In fact, had it not been that the obsequies took place in Westminster Abbey, scarcely a soul would have remarked the funeral. What an excellent lesson of rebuke to the vulgar love of show. A quiet, reverent procession, a few near and dear, a bare casket undecked by flowers, and the mortal remains of a great and powerful nobleman are laid peacefully to rest. One can imagine the fuss that would have been created at the death of a millionaire, the thousands of poor blossoms wasted and cankering, the plumes, the palls, the trappings of woe, and steppings of horses, the processions and all the paraphernalia possible to the gruesome fancy of the undertaker.

Specially do I think that the custom of floral wreaths has grown into an abuse. It is another incitement to show and expense, while the lovers of flowers must deprecate the wealth of beauty lavished to droop and moulder on a coffin. A few flowers reverently laid by relatives, a scattering of fragrant leaves, are fit and beautiful emblems, but the number of wreaths sent by acquaintances and indifferent people, who perhaps wish to advertise their intimacy with the deceased, simply cause trouble to the bereaved ones at a moment when grief rather than politeness ought to fill their minds.

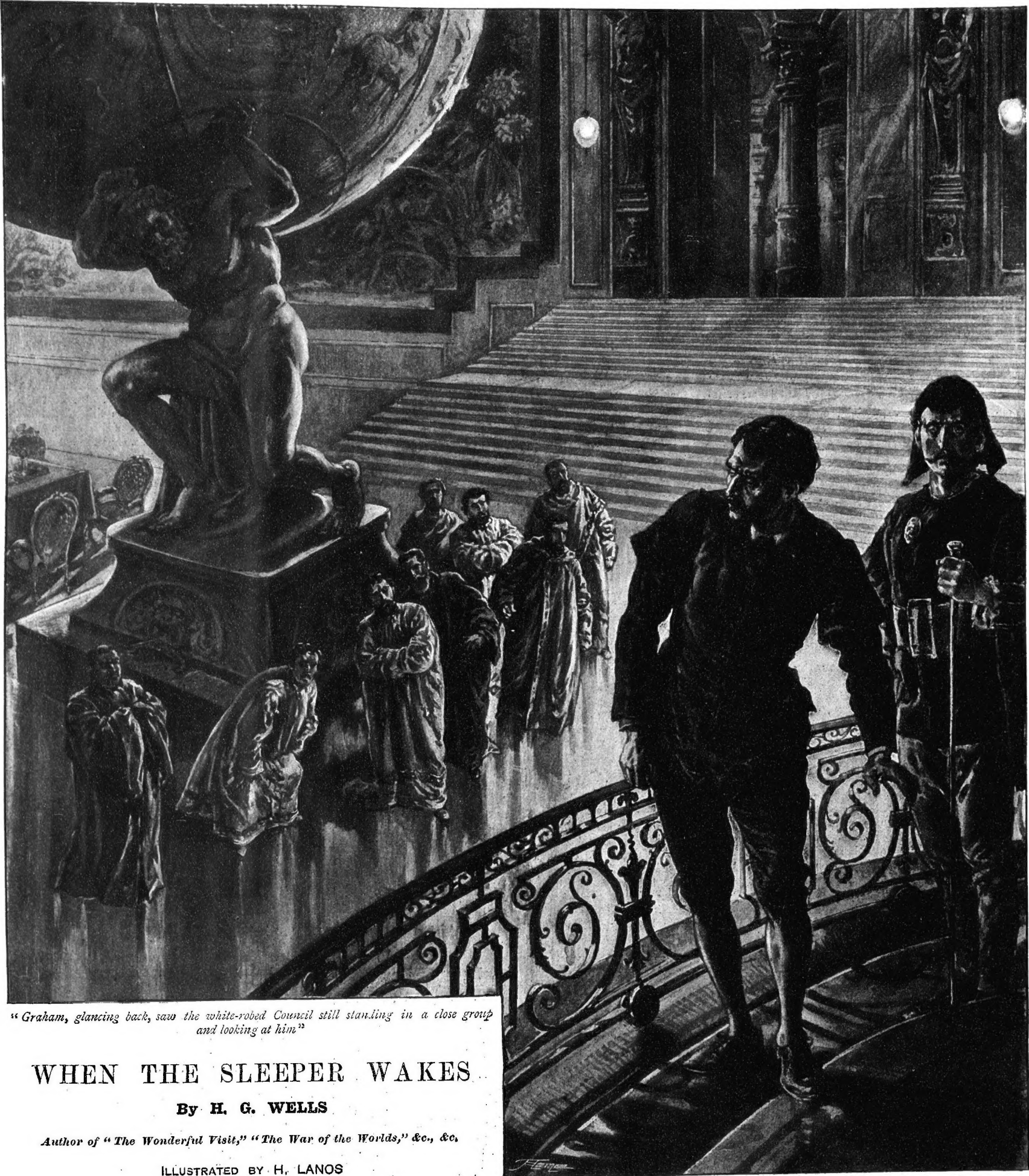
The go-ahead American has done many things. He has also created a number of new employments for ladies of which our English women know nothing. In America many ladies live by dressing dolls on artistic principles, while the more commonplace workers find out some form of palatable food of which they make a speciality. Thus Mrs. G. bakes delicious home-made bread, Mrs. B. averages a pleasant little income with potato chips, Mrs. A. cooks crullers (whatever they may be), and Mrs. F. makes pickles, sweets, and preserves. Tradesmen keep these ladies' goods, which sell well and are much appreciated. One lady delivers laundry parcels, another keeps a refined bootblackening room for ladies, another sells butter, while lady-helps, charwomen, parlour-maids, menders and darners, all find a profitable living. The idea is admirably practical, and we commend it to the English distressed gentlewomen whose cry is that they can find nothing to do. The great thing is to have a speciality and to do that special thing well. Simple, homely duties are best done by refined women, who ought not to find it difficult to compete with the coarser and less careful worker.

Civilisation has done harm to one delightful member with which nature has provided us—I mean our feet. Mrs. Meynell has made some charming remarks on the subject. Probably, few of those who view the horrible, distorted pointed toes of the boots in the shop windows, or limping painfully along find a haven of happiness at the chiropodist's, ever reflect that our feet were originally as beautiful, as supple, as prehensile as our hands. Mrs. Meynell says:—"It is only the entirely unshod that have lively feet. The peasant's feet become as dramatic as his hands. It is the foot of high life that is prim, and never lifts a heel against its dull conditions, for it has forgotten liberty. It is always in bonds and inarticulate." Feet, she tells us, formerly "were blessed and bathed, they suffered, but they were friends with the earth; dew in grass in the morning, shallows at noon, gave them coolness." Poor feet, captives of civilisation, treading in broken boots among the poor, prisoned in Parisian *bottines* among the rich, who will ever deliver them and institute again the sandal, the real natural protector? Pity the tender, irregular, sensitive, living foot, which is so beautiful and so basely used!

Half the world does not know the law about letting furnished houses, even the house-agent himself frequently gives the wrong advice, and a vast amount of litigation is undertaken simply through ignorance of the necessary conditions. For instance, the agreement says, you let your house furnished as it stands, and yet nearly everyone removes something when the bargain is concluded. Favourite china, valuable cushions, a good piano, a costly writing-table. Some friends of mine removed some rare Dresden vases and were promptly summoned to put them back. Then you may not lock up a room, or more than two cupboards, or remove any furniture of which you have not given notice. How few women especially know anything of the law as regards these simple things, which seem to press so hardly on people when they are not understood.

There is a French room of the date of Louis XVI. filled and decorated with the furniture and ornaments of the period, to be seen in London. This French style, now so fashionable, is eminently unsuited to our mode of life, where the drawing-room is an apartment occupied by the family. These French *salons* were reserved for gala occasions, the decorations were excessive and a great deal of gilding formed part of the scheme. The very doors, to open *à deux vantaux*, were intended for the formal ushering in of company. The seats were ranged stiffly round the walls and a fair space left in the middle of the room. No small tables, finikin knick-nacks or photographs, and bits of silver were admissible. Let those who, desirous of being in the fashion, spend large sums on French furniture remember that it is the most expensive, the rarest to obtain genuine, and the least suited to London houses and small apartments. It can never be mixed with any other style, and necessitates a certain amount of preciseness and elaborate courtesy of manner.





"Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued)

THE conversation lasted an interminable time to Graham's sense. His eyes rose to the still giant at whose feet the Council sat. Thence they wandered at last to the walls of the hall. It was decorated in long painted panels of a quasi-Japanese type, many of them very beautiful. Those panels were grouped in a great and elaborate framing of dark wood or metal, which passed into the metallic caryatidæ of the galleries, and the great structural lines of the interior. The facile grace of these panels enhanced the mighty white effort that laboured in the centre of the scheme. Graham's eyes came back to the Council, and Howard was descending the steps. As he drew nearer his features could be distinguished, and Graham saw that he was flushed and blowing out his cheeks. His countenance was still disturbed when presently he reappeared along the gallery.

"This way," he said concisely, and they went on in silence to a little door that opened at their approach. The two men in red stopped on either side of this door. Howard and Graham passed in, and Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him. Then the door closed behind him with a heavy thud, and for the first time since his awakening he was in silence. The floor even was noiseless to his feet.

Howard opened another door, and they were in the first of two contiguous little chambers furnished in white and green. "What Council was that?" began Graham. "What were they discussing?"

What have they to do with me?" Howard closed the door carefully, heaved a huge sigh, and said something in an undertone. He walked slantingways across the room and turned, blowing out his cheeks again. "Ugh!" he grunted, a man relieved.

Graham stood regarding him.

"You must understand," began Howard abruptly, avoiding Graham's eyes, "that our social order is very complex. A half explanation, a bare unqualified statement would give you false impressions. As a matter of fact—it is a case of compound interest partly—your small fortune, and the fortune of your cousin Warming which was left to you—and certain other beginnings—have become very considerable. And in other ways that will be hard for you to understand, you have become a person of significance—of very considerable significance—involved in the world's affairs."

He stopped.

"Yes?" said Graham.

"We have grave social troubles."

"Yes?"

"Things have come to such a pass that, in fact, it is advisable to seclude you here."

"Keep me prisoner!" exclaimed Graham.

"Well—to ask you to keep in seclusion."

Graham turned on him. "This is strange!" he said.

"No harm will be done you."

"No harm!"

"But you must be kept here——"

"While I learn my position, I presume."

"Precisely."

"Very well then. Begin. Why harm?"

"Not now."

"Why not?"

"It is too long a story, Sir."

"All the more reason I should begin at once. You say I am a person of importance. What was that shouting I heard? Why is a great multitude shouting and excited because my trance is over, and who are the men in white in that huge council chamber?"

"All in good time, Sir," said Howard. "But not crudely, not crudely. This is one of those flimsy times when no man has a settled mind. Your awakening. No one expected your awakening. The Council is consulting."

"What Council?"

"The Council you saw."

Graham made a petulant movement. "This is not right," he said. "I should be told what is happening."

"You must wait. Really you must wait."

Graham sat down abruptly.

"I suppose since I have waited so long to resume life," he said shortly, "that I must wait a little longer."

"That is better," said Howard. "Yes, that is much better. And I must leave you alone. For a space. While I attend the discussion in the Council. . . . I am sorry."

He went towards the noiseless door, hesitated and vanished.

Graham walked to the door, tried it, found it securely fastened in some way he never came to understand, turned about, paced the



## THE GRAPHIC

room restlessly, made the circuit of the room, and sat down. He remained sitting for some time with folded arms and knitted brow, biting his finger nails and trying to piece together the kaleidoscopic impressions of this first hour of awakened life; the vast mechanical spaces, the endless series of chambers and passages, the great struggle that roared and splashed through these strange ways, the little group of remote unsympathetic men beneath the colossal Atlas, Howard's mysterious behavior. There was an inkling of some vast inheritance already in his mind—a vast inheritance perhaps misapplied—of some unprecedented importance and opportunity. What had he to do? And this room's secluded silence was eloquent of imprisonment!

It came into Graham's mind with irresistible conviction that this series of magnificent impressions was a dream. He tried to shut his eyes and succeeded, but that time-honoured device led to no awakening.

Presently he began to touch and examine all the unfamiliar appointments of the two contiguous chambers in which he found himself.

In a long oval panel of mirror he saw himself and stopped astonished. He was clad now in a graceful costume of purple and bluish white, with a little greyshot beard trimmed to a point, and his hair, its black streaked now with bands of grey, arranged over his forehead in an unfamiliar but graceful manner. He seemed a man of five-and-forty perhaps. For a moment he did not perceive this was himself.

A flash of laughter came with the recognition. "To call on old Warming like this!" he exclaimed, "and make him take me out to lunch!"

Then he thought of meeting first one and then another of the few familiar acquaintances of his early manhood, and in the midst of his amusement realised that every soul with whom he might justly have died many scores of years ago. The thought smote him abruptly and keenly; he stopped short, the expression of his face changed to a white consternation.

The tumultuous memory of the moving platforms and the huge façade of that wonderful street reasserted itself. The shouting multitudes came back clear and vivid, and those remote, inaudible, unfriendly councillors in white glancing towards him. He felt himself a little figure, very small and ineffectual, pitifully conspicuous. And all about him, the world was—strange.

## CHAPTER VII.

## IN THE SILENT ROOMS

PRESENTLY Graham resumed his examination of his apartments. Curiosity kept him moving in spite of his fatigue. The inner room, he perceived, was high, and its ceiling dome shaped, with an oblong aperture in the centre, opening into a funnel in which a wheel of broad vans seemed to be rotating, apparently driving the air up the shaft. The faint humming note of its easy motion was the only clear sound in that quiet place. As these vans sprang up one after the other, Graham could get transient glimpses of the sky. He was surprised to see a star.

This drew his attention to the fact that the bright lighting of these rooms was due to a multitude of very faint glow-lamps set about the cornices. There were no windows. And he began to recall that along all the vast chambers and passages he had traversed with Howard he had observed no windows at all. Had there been windows? There were windows on the street indeed, but were they for light? Or was the whole city lit day and night for evermore, so that there was no night there? He could not clearly determine this at the time, but afterwards he found the latter alternative was the case.

And another thing dawned upon him. There was no fireplace in either room. Was the season summer, and were these merely summer apartments, or was the whole city uniformly heated or cooled? He became interested in these questions, began examining the smooth texture of the walls, the simply constructed bed, the ingenious arrangements by which the labour of bedroom service was practically abolished. The air was sweet and pleasing and free from any sense of dust. And over everything was a curious absence of deliberate ornament, a bare grace of form and colour, that he found very pleasing to the eye. There were several comfortable chairs, a light table on silent runners carrying bottles of fluid and glasses, and two plates bearing a clear substance like jelly. Then he noticed there were no books, no newspapers, no writing materials. "The world has changed indeed," he said.

He observed one entire side of the outer room was set with rows of peculiar double cylinders in racks inscribed with green lettering on white that harmonised with the decorative scheme of the room, and in the centre of this side projected a little apparatus about a yard square and having a white smooth face to the room. A chair faced this. He had a transitory idea that these cylinders might be books, or a modern substitute for books, but at first it did not seem so.

The lettering on the cylinders puzzled him. At first sight it seemed like Russian. Then he noticed a suggestion of mutilated English about certain of the words.

"Øi Man huwdbi King,"

forced itself on him as "The Man who would be King." "Phonetic spelling," he said. He remembered reading a story with that title, then he recalled the story vividly, one of the best stories in the world. But this thing before him was not a book as he understood it.

He puzzled over the peculiar cylinder for some time and replaced it. Then he turned to the square apparatus and examined that. He opened a sort of lid and found one of the double cylinders within, and on the upper edge a little stud like the stud of an electric bell. He pressed this and a rapid clicking began and ceased. He became aware of voices and music, and noticed a play of colour on the smooth front face. He suddenly realised what this might be, and stepped back to regard it.

On the flat surface was now a little picture, very vividly coloured, and in this picture were figures that moved. Not only did they move, but they were conversing in clear small voices. It was exactly like reality viewed through an inverted opera glass and heard through a long tube. His interest was seized at once by the situation, which presented a man pacing up and down and vociferating

angry things to a pretty but petulant-looking woman. Both were in the picturesque costume that seemed so strange to Graham. "I have worked," said the man, "but what have you been doing?"

"Ah!" said Graham. He forgot everything else, and sat down in the chair. Within five minutes he heard himself named, heard "when the Sleeper wakes," used jestingly as a proverb for remote postponement, and passed himself by, a thing remote and incredible. But in a little while he knew those two people like intimate friends.

At last the miniature drama came to an end, and the square face of the apparatus was blank again.

It was a strange world into which he had been permitted to see, unscrupulous, pleasure-seeking, energetic, subtle, a world too of dire economic struggle; there were allusions he did not understand, incidents that conveyed strange suggestions of altered moral ideals, flashes of dubious enlightenment. The blue canvas that bulked so largely in his first impression of the city ways appeared again and again as the costume of the common people. He had no doubt the story was contemporary, and its intense realism was undeniable. And the end had been a tragedy that oppressed him. He sat staring at the blankness.

He started and rubbed his eyes. He had been so absorbed in the latter-day substitute for a novel, that he awoke to the little green and white room with more than a touch of the surprise of his first awakening.

He stood up, and abruptly he was back in his own wonderland. The clearness of the kinetoscope drama passed, and the struggle in the vast place of streets, the ambiguous Council, the swift phases of his waking hour, came back. These people had spoken of the Council with suggestions of a vague universality of power. And they had spoken of the Sleeper; it had really not struck him vividly at the time that he was the Sleeper. He had to recall precisely what they had said.

He walked into the bedroom and peered up through the quick intervals of the revolving fan. As the fan swept round, a dim turmoil like the noise of machinery came in rhythmic eddies. All else was silence. Though the perpetual day still irradiated his now apartments, he perceived the little intermittent strip of sky was deep blue—black almost, and set with faint stars. He concluded the time must be far on in the night.

But he was neither hungry nor sleepy. He resumed his examination of the rooms. He could find no way of opening the padded door, no bell nor other means of calling for attendance. His feeling of wonder was in abeyance; but he was curious, anxious for information. He wanted to know exactly how he stood to these new things. He tried to compose himself to wait until someone came to him. Presently he became restless and eager for information, for distraction, for fresh sensations.

He went back to the apparatus in the other room, and had soon puzzled out the method of replacing the cylinders by others. As he did so, it came into his mind that it was these little appliances had fixed the language so that it was still clear and understandable after two hundred years. The haphazard cylinders he substituted displayed a musical fantasia. At first it was beautiful, and then it was sensuous. He presently recognised what appeared to him to be an altered version of the story of Tannhauser. The music was unfamiliar. But the rendering was realistic, and with a contemporary unfamiliarity. Tannhauser did not go to a Venusberg, but to a Pleasure City. What was a Pleasure City? A dream, surely, the fancy of a fantastic, voluptuous writer.

He became interested, curious. The story developed with a flavour of strangely twisted sentimentality. Suddenly he did not like it. He liked it less as it proceeded.

He had a revulsion of feeling. There were no pictures, no idealisations, but photographed realities. He wanted no more of the twenty-second century Venusberg. He forgot the part played by the model in nineteenth century art, and gave way to an archaic indignation. He rose, angry and half-ashamed at himself for witnessing this thing even in solitude. He pulled forward the apparatus, and with some violence sought for a means of stopping its action. Something snapped. A violet spark stung and convulsed his arm and the thing was still. When he attempted next day to replace these Tannhauser cylinders by another pair he found the apparatus broken.

He had come upon strange times. He struck out a path oblique to the room and paced to and fro, struggling with intolerable vast impressions. The things he had derived from the cylinders and the things he had seen conflicted, confused him. It seemed to him the most amazing thing of all that in his thirty years of life he had never tried to shape a picture of these coming times. "We were making the future," he said, "and hardly any of us troubled to think what future we were making. And here it is!"

"What have they got to, what has been done? How do I come into the midst of it all?" The vastness of street and house he was prepared for, the multitudes of people. But conflicts in the city ways! And the systematised sensuality of a class of rich men!

He thought of Bellamy, the hero of whose Socialistic Utopia had so oddly anticipated this actual experience. But here was no Utopia, no Socialistic state. He had already seen enough to realise that the ancient antithesis of luxury, waste and sensuality on the one hand and abject poverty on the other, still prevailed. He knew enough of the essential factors of life to understand that correlation. And not only were the buildings of the city gigantic and the crowds in the street gigantic, but the voices he had heard in the ways, the uneasiness of Howard, the very atmosphere spoke of gigantic discontent. What country was he in? Still England it seemed, and yet strangely "un-English." His mind glanced at the rest of the world, and saw only an enigmatical veil.

He prowled about his apartment, examining everything as a caged animal might do. He felt very tired, felt that feverish exhaustion that does not admit of rest. He listened for long spaces under the ventilator to catch some distant echo of the tumults he felt must be proceeding in the city.

The strangeness of his experience came to dominate his mind. He began to talk to himself. "Two hundred and three years!" he said to himself over and over again, laughing stupidly. "Then I am two hundred and thirty-three years old! The oldest inhabitant! Surely they haven't reversed the tendency of our time and gone back to the rule of the oldest. My claims are indisputable. Mumble,

mumble. I remember the Armenian atrocities as though it was yesterday. 'Tis a great age! Haha!" He was surprised at first to hear himself laughing, and then laughed again deliberately and louder. Then he realised that he was behaving foolishly. "Steady," he said. "Steady!"

His pacing became more regular. "This new world," he said.

"I don't understand it. Why? But it is all *why*!"

"I suppose they can fly and do all sorts of things."

"Let me try and remember just how it began."

He was surprised at first to find how vague the memories of his first thirty years had become. He remembered fragments, for the most part trivial moments, things of no great importance that he had observed. His boyhood seemed the most accessible at first, he recalled school books and certain lessons in chemistry. Then he revived the more salient features of his life, memories of the wife long since dead, her magic influence now gone beyond corruption, of his rivals and friends and betrayers, of the swift decision of this issue and that, and then of his last years of misery, of fluctuating resolves, and at last of his strenuous studies. In a little while he perceived he had it all again; dim perhaps, like metal long laid aside, but in no way defective or injured, capable of re-polishing. And the hue of it was a deepening misery. Was it worth re-polishing? By a miracle he had been lifted out of a life that had become intolerable.

He reverted to his present condition. He wrestled with the facts in vain. It became an inextricable tangle. He saw the sky through the ventilator pink with dawn. An old persuasion came out of the dark recesses of his memory. "I must sleep," he said. It appeared as a delightful relief from this mental distress and from the growing pain and heaviness of his limbs. He went to the strange little bed, lay down and was presently asleep.

He was destined to become very familiar indeed with these apartments before he left them, for he remained imprisoned for three days. During that time no one, except Howard, entered his prison. The marvel of his fate mingled with and in some way minimised the marvel of his survival. He had awakened to mankind it seemed only to be snatched away into this unaccountable solitude. Howard came regularly with subtly sustaining and nutritive fluids, and light and pleasant foods, quite strange to Graham. He always closed the door carefully as he entered. On matters of detail he was increasingly obliging, but the bearing of Graham on the great issues that were evidently being contested so closely beyond the sound-proof walls that enclosed him, he would not elucidate. He evaded, as politely as possible, every question of the position of affairs in the outer world.

And in those three days Graham's incessant thoughts went wide and far. All that he had seen, all this elaborate contrivance to prevent him seeing, worked together in his mind. Almost every possible interpretation of his position was debated in his mind—even as it chanced, the right interpretation. Things that presently happened to him, came to him at least credible, by virtue of this seclusion. When at last the moment of his release arrived, it found him prepared. He was no longer passive and enfeebled but alert, and very speedily a participator in the great drama that played about him.

Howard's bearing went far to deepen Graham's impression of his own strange importance; the door between its opening and closing seemed to admit with him a breath of momentous happening. His inquiries became more definite and searching. Howard retreated through protests and difficulties. The awakening was unforeseen, he repeated; it happened to have fallen in with the trend of a social convulsion. "To explain it I must tell you the history of a gross and a half of years," protested Howard.

"The thing is this," said Graham. "You are afraid of something I shall do. In some way I am arbitrator—I might be arbitrator."

"It is not that. But you have—I may tell you this much—the automatic increase of your property puts great possibilities of interference in your hands. And in certain other ways you have influence, with your eighteenth century notions."

"Nineteenth century," corrected Graham.

"With your old world notions, anyhow, ignorant as you are of every feature of our State."

"Am I a fool?"

"Certainly not."

"Do I seem to be the sort of man who would act rashly?"

"You were never expected to act at all. No one counted on your awakening. No one dreamt you would ever wake. The Council had surrounded you with antiseptic conditions. As a matter of fact, we thought that you were dead—a mere arrest of decay. And—but it is too complex. We dare not suddenly—while you are still half awake."

"It won't do," said Graham. "Suppose it is as you say—why am I not being crammed night and day with facts and warnings and all the wisdom of the time to fit me for my responsibilities? Am I any wiser now than two days ago, if it is two days, when I awoke?"

Howard pulled his lip.

"I am beginning to feel—every hour I feel more clearly—a sense of complex concealment of which you are the salient point. Is your precious Council, or committee, or whatever they are, cooking the accounts of my estate? Is that it?"

"That note of suspicious—" said Howard.

"Ugh!" said Graham. "Now, mark my words, it will be ill for those who have put me here. It will be ill. I am alive. Make no doubt of it, I am alive. Every day my pulse is stronger and my mind clearer and more vigorous. No more quiescence. I am a man come back to life. And I want to *live*—"

"Live!"

Howard's face lit with an idea. He came towards Graham and spoke in an easy confidential tone.

"The Council secludes you here—for your good. You are restless. Naturally—an energetic man! You find it dull here. But we are anxious that everything you may desire—every desire—every sort of desire. There may be something. Is there any sort of company?"

He paused meaningly.

"Yes," said Graham thoughtfully. "There is."

"Ah! Now! We have treated you neglectfully."

"The crowds in yonder streets of yours."

"That," said Howard, "I am afraid— But—"



Graham began pacing the room.

"Everything you say, everything you do, convinces me—of some great issue in which I am concerned. Yes, I know. Desires and indulgence are life in a sense—and Death! Extinction! In my life before I slept I had worked out that pitiful question. I will not begin again. There is a city, a multitude— And meanwhile I am here like a rabbit in a bag."

His rage surged high. He choked for a moment and began to wave his clenched fists. He gave way to an anger fit, he swore archaic curses. His gestures had the quality of physical threats.

"I do not know who your party may be. I am in the dark, and you keep me in the dark. But I know this, that I am secluded here for no good purpose. For no good purpose. I warn you, I warn you of the consequences. Once I come at my power—"

He realised that to threaten thus might be a danger to himself. He stopped. Howard stood regarding him with a curious expression.

"I take it this is a message to the Council," said Howard.

Graham had a momentary impulse to leap upon the man, fell or stun him. It must have shown upon his face; at any rate Howard's movement was quick. In a second the noiseless door had closed again, and the man from the nineteenth century was alone.

For a moment he stood rigid, with clenched hands half raised. Then he flung them down. "What a fool I have been!" he said, and gave way to his anger again, stamping about the room and shouting curses. For a long time he kept himself in a sort of

behaviour, sinister glances, inexplicable hesitations. Then, for a time, his mind circled about the idea of escaping from these rooms; but whither could he escape into this vast, crowded, world? He would be worse off than a Saxon yeoman suddenly dropped into nineteenth century London. And besides, how could anyone escape from these rooms?

"How can it benefit anyone if harm should happen to me?"

He thought of the tumult, the great social trouble of which he was so unaccountably the axis. A text, irrelevant enough and yet curiously insistent, came floating up out of the darkness of his memory. This also a Council had said:

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people."

(To be continued)

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IN the last volume of the new edition of Thackeray's works copious allusion is made to his lectures. This recalls to my mind

Then he had some difficulty in turning the handle. I saw my opportunity, and bounded forward and expertly closed the door. "Thank you very much!" said the distinguished novelist, and turning to the driver he added "Garriek Club!" And I went home gloriously happy in not only having seen the author of "The Newcomes," but in being supremely honoured in having four words addressed especially to myself. I do not think we have so much enthusiasm in the present day, or possibly we have not authors sufficiently great to awake it.

The Work and General Purposes Committee of the Vestry of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, seem to be fully alive to the dangers of the gigantic advertisement hoarding to which I called attention last week. Their recommendation to the effect that it "be a standing order of the Vestry that no hoarding upon or over the public highway be sanctioned under any circumstances of a greater height than twelve feet, without the previous sanction of the Works Committee," is an excellent one, but the responsibility of making the aforesaid hoarding perfectly safe under any circumstances of wind and weather should devolve upon its constructors, and they should be held liable for any accident that might take place in consequence of its erection. It is quite bad enough that we should have pleasant country places besmirched and made hideous by the irrepressible advertiser, but when he not only does this, but imperils our lives and our limbs in town, it is time for energetic protest.



This photograph, which we have received from a correspondent in Hamilton, shows the effects of a recent snowstorm which passed over Canada in the first week of December.

A CANADIAN WINTER SCENE: WEST AVENUE, HAMILTON, AFTER A SNOWSTORM

frenzy, raging at his position, at his own folly, at the knaves who had imprisoned him. He did this because he did not want to look calmly at his position. He clung to his anger—because he was afraid of Fear.

Presently he found himself reasoning with himself. This imprisonment was unaccountable, but no doubt the legal forms—new legal forms—of the time permitted it. It must, of course, be legal. These people were two hundred years further on in the march of civilisation than the Victorian generation. It was not likely they would be less—humane. His imagination set to work to suggest things that might be done to him. The attempts of his reason to dispose of these suggestions, though for the most part logically valid, were quite unavailing. "Why should anything be done to me?"

"If the worst comes to the worst," he found himself saying at last, "I can give up what they want. But what do they want? And why don't they ask me for it instead of cooping me up?"

He returned to his former preoccupation with the Council's possible intentions. He began to reconsider the details of Howard's

that the first time I ever saw the author of "Vanity Fair" was at a lecture he delivered at Sussex Hall in Leadenhall Street. I am not certain whether the hall still exists, but my memory of the occasion alluded to is as clear as if it happened only yesterday. In those days of my boyhood my favourite authors were Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray, and they continue to occupy the same position in my admiration even unto the present day. I recollect with all the enthusiasm of youth I took a platform ticket in order to be as near the great man as possible. After the lecture, which was an admirable one entitled "Humour and Charity," my way from the platform lay through a dimly lighted tank-like ante-room, and there I found the lecturer enveloping himself in a hairy garment, which used to be known as a Poncho wrapper, and just departing. With the utmost reverence I followed him at a respectful distance down a narrow thoroughfare into Fenchurch Street. It had been raining all day, and the pavement was wet and glistening, and I can at this moment see the reflection of that tall figure as it slowly walked in front of me. Presently a four-wheeler came along, and my hero hailed it, opened the door and got in.

Indeed the foot-passenger in London, who ought to be the first to be considered, is more neglected than anyone else. He suffers all sorts of perils, all kinds of indignities, every description of inconvenience, and no one thinks of suggesting that he should receive any sort of compensation. Now for the last two or three years they have been erecting a gigantic hotel at the bottom of the Haymarket, and the builders have taken possession of the public pavement and have ruined the boots of ratepayers by the varied footways—all more or less excruciating—that they have laid down for their accommodation. This week they have converted the sidewalk into a sort of Slough of Despond through which we have been compelled to wade. How long we shall have to suffer from this despotism I am unable to say. But what I want to know is, do the builders alluded to pay any compensation to the parish for their annexation of the public pathway? If not, why do they not compensate the ratepayers? If they like to send me three dozen pairs of shoes, which I have had ruined by their operations, I will undertake to say nothing more about the matter.